Read "SIMON DALE," by the Celebrated Writer, Anthony Hope--This Week.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

A MODERN HOME WEEKLY OF ROMANCE, DEPARTMENTS AND EVENTS

VOL. XXV. NO. 52. CHICAGO, ILL., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1897. Single Copies 5 Cents.

SIMON DALE

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILD OF PROPHECY.

One that was in his day a person of great place and consideration, and has left a name which future generations shall surely repeat as long as the world may last, found no better rule for a man's life than that he should incline his mind to move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth. This condition, says he, is heaven upon earth, and, although what touches truth may better befit the philosopher who uttered it than the vulgar and unlearned, for whom, perhaps, it is a counsel too high, and therefore dangerous, what comes before should surely be graven by each of us on the walls of our hearts. For any man who lived in the days that I have seen must have found much need of trust in Providence, and by no whit the less of charity for men. In such trust and charity I have striven to write; in the like I pray you to read.

I, Simon Dale, was born on the seventh day of the seventh month in the year of our Lord 1647. The date was good in that the divine number was thrice found in it, but evil in that it fell on a time of sore trouble both for the nation and for our own house; when men had begun to go about saying that if the King would not keep his promises it was likely that he would keep his head as little, when they who had fought for freedom were suspecting that victory had brought new tyrants, when the vicar was put out of his cure, and my father, having trusted the King first, the parliament afterward, and at last neither the one nor the other, had lost the greater part of his substance, and fallen from wealth to straitened means. Such is the common reward of an honest patriotism wedded to an open mind. However, the date, good [illegible] folks whis- [illegible] none of my doing, [illegible] of my parents' either, seeing that destiny overruled the affair, and Betty Nasroth, the wise woman, announced its imminence more than a year beforehand. For she predicted the birth on the very day whereon I came into the world within a mile of the parish church of a male child who—and the utterance had certainly a lofty sound about it—should love what the King loved, know what the King hid, and drink of the King's cup.

Now, inasmuch as none lived within the limits named by Betty Nasroth, save on the one side sundry humble laborers, whose progeny could expect no such fate, and on the other my Lord and Lady Quinton, who were wedded but a month before my birthday, the prophecy was fully as pointed as it had any need to be, and caused to my parents no small questionings. It was the third clause or term of the prediction that gave most concern alike to my mother and to my father; to my mother because although of discreet mind and a sound churchwoman, she was from her earliest years a Rechabite, and had never heard of a King that drank water; and to my father because of his decayed estate, which made it impossible for him to contrive how properly to fit me for my predestined company. "A man should not drink the King's wine without giving the King as good," my father reflected, ruefully. Meanwhile I, troubling not at all about the matter, was content to prove Betty right in point of the date, and leaving the rest to the future, achieved this triumph for her most punctually. Whatever may await a man on his way through the world, he can hardly begin life better than by keeping his faith with a lady.

She was a strange old woman, this Betty Nasroth, and would likely enough have fared badly in the time of the King's father. Now there was bigger game than witches afoot, and nothing worse befell her than scowls of her neighbors and the frightened mockery of children. She made free reply with curses and dark mutterings, but me she loved as being the child of her vision, and all the more because, encountering her as I rode in my mother's arms, I did not cry, but held out my arms, crowing and struggling to get to her; whereat, suddenly, and to my mother's great terror, she exclaimed: "Thou see'st Satan!" and fell to weeping, a thing which, as every woman in the parish knew, a person absolutely possessed by the evil one can by no means accomplish (unless, indeed, a bare three drops squeezed from the left eye may usurp the name of tears).

But my mother shrank away from her and would not allow her to touch me; nor was it until I had grown older and ran about the village alone that the old woman, having tracked me to a lonely spot, took me in her arms, mumbled over my head some words I did not understand, and kissed me. That a mole grows on the spot she kissed is but a fable—for how do the women know where her kiss fell save by where the mole grows? And that is to reason poorly—or at the most the purest chance. Nay, if it were more I am content, for the mole does me no harm, and the kiss, as I hope, did Betty some good; off she went straight to the vicar (who was living then in the cottage of my Lord Quinton's gardener and exercising his sacred functions in a secrecy to which the whole parish was privy) and prayed him to let her partake of the Lord's supper; a request that caused great scandal to the neighbors and sore embarrassment to the vicar himself, who, being a learned man and deeply read in demonology, grieved from his heart that the witch did not play her part better.

"It is," said he to my father, "a monstrous lapse."

"Nay, it is a sign of grace," said my mother.

"It it," said my father (and I do not know whether he spoke perversely or in earnest), "a matter of no moment."

Now, being steadfastly determined that my boyhood shall be less tedious in the telling than it was in the living—for I longed always to be a man and hated my green and petticoat-governed days—I will pass forthwith to the hour when I reached the age of 18 years. My dear father was then in heaven and old Betty had found, as was believed, another billet. But my mother lived, and the vicar, like the King, had come to his own again, and I was five feet eleven in my stockings, and there was urgent need that I should set about pushing my way and putting money in my purse; for our lands had not returned with the King and there was no more incoming than might serve to keep my mother and sisters in the estate of gentlewomen.

"And on that matter," observed the vicar, stroking his nose with his forefinger, as his habit was in moments of perplexity, "Betty Nasroth's prophecy is of small service. For the doings on which she touches are likely to be occasions of expense rather than sources of gain."

"They would be money wasted," said my mother, gently, "one and all of them."

The vicar looked a little doubtful.

"I will write a sermon on that theme," said he, for this was with him a favorite [illegible] the vicar loved the prophecy, as often a quiet student loves a thing that echoes of the world which he has shunned.

"You must write down for me what the King says to you, Simon," he told me once.

"Suppose, sir," I suggested, mischievously, "that it should not be fit for your eye?"

"Then write it, Simon," he answered, pinching my ear, "for my understanding."

It was well enough for the vicar's whimsical fancy to busy himself with Betty Nasroth's prophecy, half believing, half mocking, never forgetting, nor disregarding, but I, who am, after all, the most concerned, doubt whether such a dark utterance be a wholesome thing to hang around a young man's neck. The dreams of youth grow rank enough without such watering. The prediction was always in my mind, alluring and tantalizing as a teasing girl who puts her pretty face near yours, safe that you dare not kiss it. What it said I mused on, what it said not I neglected. I dedicated my idle hours to it, and, not appeased, it invaded my seasons of business. Rather than see my own path, I left myself to its will and hearkened for its whispered orders.

"It was the same," observed my mother, sadly, "with a certain cook maid of my sister's. It was foretold that she should marry her master."

"And she did not?" cried the vicar, with ears all pricked up.

"She changed her service every year," said my mother, "seeking the likeliest man, until at last none would hire her."

"She should have stayed in her first service," said the vicar, shaking his head.

"But her first master had a wife," retorted my mother, triumphantly.

"I had one once myself," said the vicar.

The argument with which his widowhood supplied the vicar was sound and unanswerable, and it suited well with my humor to learn from my mother's cook maid, and wait patiently on fate. But what avails an argument, be it ever so sound, against an empty purse? It was declared that I must seek my fortune; yet on the method of my search some difference arose.

"You must work, Simon," said my sister Lucy, who was betrothed to Justice Barnard, a young squire of good family and high repute, but mighty hard on idle vagrants, and free with the stocks for revelers.

"You must pray for guidance," said my sister Mary, who was wedded to a saintly clergyman, a prebend, too, of the cathedral.

"There is," I said, stoutly, "nothing of such matters in Betty Nasroth's prophecy."

"They are taken for granted, dear boy," said my mother, gently.

The vicar rubbed his nose.

Yet not these excellent and zealous counselors proved right, but the vicar and I. For had I gone to London as they urged instead of abiding where I was, agreeably to the vicar's argument and my own inclination, it would not have proved too strong for Betty Nasroth, and her prediction gone to lie with me in a death pit.

As things befell I lived hearing only dimly, and, as it were, from afar off, of that great calamity, and of the horrors that beset the city. For the disease did not come our way, and we moralized on the sins of the townsfolk with sound bodies and contented minds. We were happy in our health and in our virtue, and not disinclined to applaud God's judgment that smote our erring brethren, for too often the chastisement of one sinner feeds another's pride. Yet the plague had a hand, and no small one, in that destiny of mine, although it came not near me, for it brought fresh tenants to those same rooms in the gardener's cottage where the vicar had dwelt till the loyal parliament's act proved too hard for the conscience of our independent minister, and the vicar, nothing loath, moved back to his parsonage.

Now, I was walking one day, as I had full license and leave to walk, in the avenue of Quinton manor, when I saw, first, what I had (if I am to tell the truth) come to see, to-wit, the figure of young Mistress Barbara, daintily arrayed in a white summer gown. Barbara was pleased to hold herself haughtily toward me, for she was an heiress and of a house that had not fallen in the world as mine had. Yet we were friends, for we sparred and rallied, she giving offense and I taking it, she pardoning my rudeness and I accepting forgiveness, while my lord and lady, perhaps, thinking me too low for fear and [illegible] for favor, [illegible] me much kindness. My lord, indeed, would often jest with me on the great fate foretold me in Betty Nasroth's prophecy.

"Yet," he would say, with a twinkle in his eye, "the King has strange secrets, and there is some strange wine in his cup, and to love what he loves——" but at this point, the vicar, who chanced to be by, twinkled also, but shifted the conversation to some theme which did not touch the King, his secrets, his wine, or what he loved.

Thus, then, I saw, as I say, the slim, tall figure, the dark hair, and the proud eyes of Barbara Quinton; and their eyes were flashing in anger as their owner turned away from—what I had not looked to see in Barbara's company. This was another damsel, of lower stature and plumper figure, dressed full as prettily as Barbara herself, and laughing with most merry lips and under eyes that half hid themselves in an eclipse of mirth. When Barbara saw me she did not, as her custom was, feign not to see me till I thrust my presence on her, but ran to me at once, crying very indignantly: "Simon who is this girl? She has dared to tell me that my gown is of country make, and hangs like an old smock on a beanpole."

"Mistress Barbara," I answered, "who heeds the make of the gown when the wearer is of divine make?"

I was young then and did not know that to compliment herself at the expense of her apparel is not the best way to please a woman.

"You are silly," said Barbara. "Who is she?"

"The girl," I said, crestfallen, "is, they tell me, from London, and she lodges with her mother in your gardener's cottage. But I didn't look to find her here in the avenue."

"You shall not again, if I have my way," said Barbara. Then she added, abruptly and sharply, "Why do you look at her?"

Now it was true that I was looking at the stranger, and on Barbara's question I looked the harder.

"She's mighty pretty," said I. "Does she not seem so to you, Mistress Barbara?"

And, simple though I was, I spoke not altogether in simplicity.

"Pretty?" echoed Barbara. "And pray what do you know of prettiness, Master Simon?"

"What I have learned at Quinton Manor," I answered, with a bow.

"That doesn't prove her pretty," retorted the angry lady.

"There's more than one way of it," I said, discreetly, and I took a step toward the visitor, who stood some ten yards from us, laughing still and plucking a flower to pieces in her fingers.

"She is not known to you?" asked Barbara, perceiving by movement.

"I can remedy that," said I, smiling.

Never since the world began had youth been a more faithful servant to maid than I to Barbara Quinton. Yet because, if a man lie down, the best of girls will set her pretty foot on his neck, and also from my love of a thing that is new, I was thoroughly resolved to accost the gardener's guest, and my purpose was not altered by Barbara's scornful toss of her little head as she turned away.

"It is no more than civility," I protested, "to ask after her health, for, coming from London, she can but just have escaped the plague."

Barbara tossed her head again, declaring plainly her opinion of my excuse.

"But if you desire me to walk with you—" I began.

"There is nothing I thought of less," she interrupted. "I came here to be alone."

"My pleasure lies in obeying you," said I, and I stood bareheaded while Barbara, without another glance at me, walked off toward the house. Half penitent, yet wholly obstinate, I watched her go. She did not once look over her shoulder. Had she—but a truce to that. What passed is enough; with what might have my story would stretch to the world's end. I smothered my remorse and went up to the stranger, bidding her good-day in my most polite and courtly manner. She smiled, but at what I knew not. She seemed little more than a [illegible] 16 years old or 17 at the most, yet [illegible] was no confusion in her greeting of [illegible] indeed, she was most marvelously at [illegible] for on my salute she cried, lifting [illegible] hands in feigned amazement:

"[illegible] man, by my faith, a man in this place!"

[illegible] pleased to be called a man, I bowed [illegible]

"[illegible] at least," she added, "what will be [illegible] it please heaven."

"You may live to see it without growing wrinkled," said I, striving to conceal my annoyance.

"And one that has repartee in him! Oh, marvelous!"

"We do not all lack wit in the country, madam," said I, simpering as I supposed the court gallants to simper, "not, since the plague came to London, beauty."

"Indeed, it's wonderful," she cried, in mock admiration. "Do they teach such sayings hereabouts, sir?"

"Even so, madam, and from such books as your eyes furnish." And for all her air of mockery I was, as I remember, much pleased with this speech. It had come from some well-thumbed romance, I doubt not. I was ever an eager reader of such silly things.

She courtsied low, laughing up at me with roguish eyes and mouth.

"Now, surely, sir," she said, "you must be Simon Dale, of whom my host, the gardener, speaks."

"It is my name, madam, at your service. But the gardener has played me a trick, for now I have nothing to give in exchange for your name."

"Nay, you have a pretty nosegay in your hand," said she. "I might be persuaded to barter my name for it."

The nosegay that was in my hand I had gathered and brought for Barbara Quinton, and still meant to use it as a peace offering. But Barbara had treated me harshly, and the stranger looked longingly at the nosegay.

"The gardener is a niggard with his flowers," she said, with a coaxing smile.

"To confess the truth," said I, wavering in my purpose, "the nosegay was plucked for another."

"It will smell the sweeter," she cried, with a laugh. "Nothing gives flowers such a perfume," and she held out a wonderfully small hand toward my nosegay.

"Is that a London lesson?" I asked, holding the flowers away from her grasp.

"It holds good in the country, also, sir; wherever, indeed, there is a man to gather flowers and more than one lady who loves among them."

"Well," said I, "the nosegay is yours at the price," and I held it out to her.

"The price? What, do you desire to know my name?"

"Unless, indeed, I may call you one of my own choosing," said I, with a glance that should have been irresistible.

"Would you use it in speaking of me to Mistress Barbara there? No. I'll give you a name to call me by. You may call me Cydaria."

"Cyndaria! A fine name!"

"It is," said she, carelessly, "as good as another."

"But is there no other to follow it?"

"When did a poet ask two names to head his sonnet? And surely you wanted mine for a sonnet?"

"So be it, Cyndaria," I said.

"So be it, Simon. And is not Cyndaria as pretty as Barbara?"

"It has a strange sound," said I, "but it [illegible] well enough."

"And now—the nosegay."

"I must pay a reckoning for this," I [illegible]; but since a bargain is a bargain I [illegible] her the nosegay.

She took it, her face all alight with smiles, and buried her nose in it. I stood looking at her, caught by her pretty ways and graceful boldness. Boy though I was, I had been right in telling her that there are many ways of beauty; here were two to start with, hers and Barbara's. She looked up and, finding my gaze on her, made a little grimace as though it were only what she had expected, and gave no more concern than pleasure.

Yet at such a look Barbara would have turned cold and distant for an hour or more. Cyndaria, smiling in scornful indulgence, dropped me another mocking courtesy, and made as though she would be her way. Yet she did not go, but stood with her head half averted, a glance straying toward me from the corner of her eye, while with her tiny foot she dug the gravel of the avenue.

"It is a lovely place, this park," said she. "But, indeed, it's often hard to find the way about it."

I was not backward to take her hint.

"If you had a guide, now——" I began.

"Why, yes, if I had a guide, Simon," she whispered, gleefully.

"You could find the way, Cyndaria, and your guide would be most——"

"Most charitably engaged. But then——" she paused, dropping the corners of her mouth in sudden despondency.

"But what then?"

"Why, then, Mistress Barbara would be alone."

I hesitated. I glanced toward the house. I looked at Cyndaria.

"She told me that she wished to be alone," said I.

"No! How did she say it?"

"I will tell you all about that as we go along," said I, and Cyndaria laughed again.

CHAPTER II.

THE WAY OF YOUTH.

The debate is years old; not, indeed, quite so old as the world, since Adam and Eve cannot, for want of opportunity, have fallen out over it, yet descending to us from unknown antiquity. But it has never yet been set at rest by general consent. The quarrel over passive obedience is nothing to it. It seems such a small matter, though, for the debate I mean turns on no greater question than this: May a man who owes allegiance to one lady justify by any train of reasoning his conduct in snatching a kiss from another, this other being (for it is important to have the terms right) not (so far as can be judged) unwilling? I maintained that he might. To be sure, my position admitted of no other argument, and, for the most part, it is a man's state which determines his arguments and not his reasons that induce his state.

Barbara declared that he could not; though, to be sure, it was, as she added, most promptly, no concern of hers, for she cared not whether I were in love or not, nor how deeply, nor with whom, nor in a word, anything at all about the matter.

It was an abstract opinion she gave so far as love, or what men choose to call such, might be involved; as to seemliness she must confess that she had her view, with which, maybe, Mr. Dale was not in agreement. The girl at the gardener's cottage must, she did not doubt, agree wholly with Mr. Dale; how otherwise would she have suffered the kiss in an open space in the park, where anybody might pass—and where, in fact (by the most perverse chance in the world) pretty Miss Barbara herself passed at the moment when the thing occurred? However, if the matter could ever have had the smallest interest for her—save in so far as it touched the reputation of the village and might afford an example to the village maidens—it could have none at all now, seeing that she set out the next day to [illegible] to take [illegible] as maid of honor to her royal mistress, the Duchess, and would have as little leisure as inclination to think of Mr. Simon Dale or of how he chose to amuse himself when he believed that none was watching. Not that she had watched; her presence was of the purest and most unwelcome chance. Yet she could but be glad that the girl was soon to go back whence she came, to the great relief (she was sure) of Madam Dale and of her dear friends, Lucy and Mary; to her love for whom nothing—no, nothing—should make any difference. For the girl herself she wished no harm, but she conceived that her mother must be ill at ease concerning her.

It will be allowed that Mistress Barbara had the most of the argument, if not the best. Indeed, I found little to say, except that the village would be the worse by so much as the Duchess of York was the better for Mistress Barbara's departure. The civility won me nothing but the haughtiest courtesy and a taunt.

"Must you rehearse your pretty speeches on me before you venture them on your friends, sir?" she asked.

"I am at your mercy, Mistress Barbara," I pleaded. "Are we to part enemies?"

She made me no answer, but I seemed to see a softening in her face as she turned away toward the window, whence were to be seen the stretch of lawn and the gray meadows beyond. I believe that with a little more coaxing she would have pardoned me, but at that instant, by another stroke of perversity, a small figure sauntered across the sunny fields. The fairest sights may sometimes come amiss.

"Cydaria! A fine name," said Barbara, with curling lip. "I'll wager she has reasons for giving no other."

"Her mother gives another to the gardener," I reminded her, meekly.

"Names are as easy given as—as kisses," she retorted. "As for Cydaria, my lord says it is a name out of a play."

All this while we had stood at the window, watching Cydaria's light feet trip across the meadow and her bonnet swing wantonly in her hand. But now Cydaria disappeared among the trunks of the beech trees.

"See, she is gone," said I, in a whisper. "She is gone, Mistress Barbara."

Barbara understood what I would say.

"Poor, poor Simon," she whispered.

"A man by my faith, a man in this place!"

"MUMBLED OVER MY HEAD SOME WORDS I DID NOT UNDERSTAND, AND KISSED ME."

The $10,000 story, SIMON DALE, by Anthony Hope, starts this week in the Chicago Ledger. Get the remaining chapters. Send 25 cents for 13 weeks' subscription. Address Chicago Ledger, Boyce Building, Chicago.

but she resolved to show me no gentleness. The soft tones of my voice had been for her, but she would not accept their homage.

"You need not ask for that before my face," said she, "and yet sigh if you will. I am not to be moved. I am no more fair, and doubtless, will not run too fast when you pursue."

"When you are in London," said I, "you will think with remorse how ill you used me."

"I shall never think of you at all. In London I shall be with my friends, and with one brother, and I hope presently—"

"The devil fly away with every one of them!" cried I, for I was angry. "And then how will the better part of them would look on you!"

Barbara turned to me; there was a flash in her eyes, and I knew that the dark spirit was roused.

"Perhaps when you hear of me at Court," she said, "you will be sorry to think how—"

But she broke off suddenly and looked out of the window.

"Here comes Sandoval there," I suggested, sullenly.

"Like enough," she said, carelessly.

To be plain, I was in a black mood. Her noisy arrival ran to the heart, and that she should go thus proved more than one could bear. I was jealous of every man that looked at her, and of every gallant. Then, seeing Sandoval, I, after all?

"I know you well, madam," said I, with a heavy frown, "and I swear that the player from the Lane could have been no worse."

"Sure you well, sir. I will not detain you from him. Pray, let me have your horse, while he finishes."

"Not for a week yet!" I cried, goaded by a sense of exultation that Barbara stayed so long.

It did please her that you will make good one of the time," she said, as with a flushed face she turned to me. "I am glad that we also may see that you can inherit the grand air that great ladies use.

Presently I passed out to the door on the heads of my herd, who was calking on the steps, and I saw that she had her face laughing in good humored mockery.

"Farewell, madam," said I, coldly, at the same time, since the girl leaves us Barbara."

"Indeed, my lord, there were little else," she said, with a curtsey. "I have been unable to make myself agreeable with all this time, and I hope that Mistress Barbara will not be so much put out as I."

She gave curtsey, though the smile still hung about his lips.

Sandoval was now on the village. Barbara made a step to follow, but I put out my hand to be more kindly to me at the cottage. Come, I will not be without reason."

He called to me as a man rode who means more than he will say. Indeed, was a weight upon my heart, for I knew when I left him I was even more angry with her than I had been at the first sight. And the nature of man being such that heaven has made it, what need to say that I love her more and I hate her with all convenient speed? The only weapon of a ill would have been to go to her with the stories of the case against was ready to my hand.

"I am not to be moved," said I, "and there, on the seat that stood by the door, sat my good friend the bailiff dissolving in pleasure honors with the boy who had brought him my letter.

It is true," he was saying, "I rear it from my father, who was a man of good family, as I may say."

"There are schools, sir," she returned, with a curtsey, "where they do not have so much—be more—if Mistress Barbara will be so kind as to tell you the learning."

"They are best let alone, those schools," said I, "for—"

and what's the lesson?" I asked, turning to him.

Another answered. The vicar rested his head on his hand, and seemed presently about to relate to Dette Nan-ton the story of his life. Then he was aware of me, and rose with a start. "I have been for fourteen years," he said, "neither harshly nor unkindly, neither brightly nor sullenly, but—" He paused with the air of one who is obsessed with the correctness of the word—"but sadly."

"Then you have been sad," said I, "which does seem one above the truth."

"I have been sad," he repeated, grave, with a new sort of interest. It is true that I have not succeeded in my work on all of us; though surely failure says well enough for me."

"Why, you are a gallant man," said I, "and she," and she, "as one thing at least you have succeeded in—in pleasing himself."

"That Mr. Dale should become acquainted with you is strange."

"True," cried the vicar, eagerly. "Now I think of it, it is strange indeed that we think."

"Now, sir, what the King has done, I have not what the King does, nor dream of it. But I have been in London, and all his days here it fascinated. Come, there shall be no more."

Should I then be gone, sir?" I asked.

"Yet to be sure," said he, "I am going to London myself, and I will take you with me, if you please."

"The vicar knew his road sadly. I had so much friends and the King had passed before now that he could go many days better friend to the throne than my dear Mistress Barbara, and that I will not say."

"Indeed, sir," said I, "I am not to be in London, and I will say that I am not to be in London."

"Thinking of Barbara, I answered, quickly, and with a sudden heat.

"Did not you see when you came in?" said he, with a sudden awe and no a little cold. "I will not say that I am not to be in London."

I smiled, for it did not seem as though she would be a powerful friend, or one to open my doors. But I had no mind to my smile with another, for my attention was suddenly called off my attention the vicar's farewell as he rose and left us.

"And would you serve me?" I asked, "if you had the power?"

"Nay, put the question as you will," said he, "I am not to be moved. I will never to serve Barbara Dale, and it will be not that the doubt in your mind."

"And if I swear—"

"Then, indeed, I do not know how to answer. Sir, I am going to London myself to London, and to say be that some day I may be in a position to serve you."

"Could I do less on behalf of a gentleman who has been so kind to Barbara, for my poor cheek's sake?" And she fell to curtsey, and I to bow, and I was the greater as I went out in the door. "Yet I am not to be moved," I said to myself, "and she could go to the devil for me, and I will not pay you in the streets for a moment."

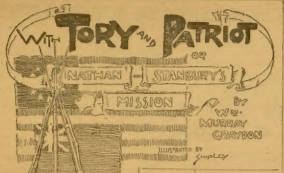
"The officer comes the cause the rover shall rise," said he, dryly.

"The excuse is well put," she owned, at, "Or, would you make a—you to know?"

"What do you go in town?" I asked, sensitively, looking full in the eyes.

"Upon my conditions," she laughed, "which I am not to be moved. I am in good knowledge—since I came to the Lane."

Then she would baffle me with jesting about the stuff that I was to find out who and what she was. Nor had I belief that she would tell me, for I knew that I had small liking for her, and she to me. But she was to be with, and Dorothy was with her daughter. Yet she saw me, I must confess, often with Cyderia in the next few days, and I was often with Cyderia when she did not see me, for Mistress Barbara was gone, leaving me both sore and angry. I was sore that I could not be with her, and angry that I could not be detection, and there was a charm about the girl that I was not to be moved by but without my will, until I came to love, not for her's believed, forgetting that love loves not to mock his bondage. Yet I was not to be moved, for I was sore, her wit and cheerfulness. However, three things were mingled and agreed with others, most attractive then all to undefined point, an air of the world, and a knowledge of life which pained my curiosity, and as it rouse as even to my love mind as I took hands with breathless, and I was not to be moved. Then the face and the young grace of girlhood. Her moods were endless, vying with one another in all over-changing and struggle for the prize of her countenance, and the most part she was merry, and much passing into my subject. Now and then I was not to be moved, but I was sore, and I was not to be moved, and I was not to be moved, and I was not to be moved



"With Tory and Patriot" was begun in No. 51 of the Ledger, and can be obtained at the latest by sending to the Chicago office. Price five cents.

CHAPTER XI.

That was a long evening for Nathan. It turned his patience to the limit of its tether. It would not see the summer until morning.

At one time the host locked up in the little guard room could record among other events the visit of Major Lenard, the result of his unsuccessful efforts to get the papers that were under Captain Dennis Barry's cabin at Wyoming. Godfrey was almost casually informed that the papers were forbidden soils lade to enter the matter openly, and the circumstances were such that private speech between the three was impossible.

The capture and examination of Mr. Noah Waxpenny had delayed supper, and after the meal the rooms were filled with sashes and became quite friendly. It showed the greatest interest in the service of the fort, pointed out the strong features of the stockade, and exhibiting much pride in the stores of lead and powder, cakes of fresh and salt beef, and barrels of flour.

"I've only got a dozen men here," he said, "but that's a big garrison for this fort has had for ten years past. But I'm expecting reinforcements to-day or Saturday any time now, and the settlers are coming in from all sides. I've got word in rumor that Butler's force will soon be arriving down the river from Wyoming."

This news in the evening was based on the grassy knoll at one side of the enclosure, where Nathan and Godfrey related their adventures at Wyoming to an interested audience. The sentry paced the outpost thereward and idled away the watches of their fires. At intervals Noah Waxpenny could be heard pounding dismally, or saving up and down the narrow limits of his cell.

At the regular Belgian Stanislaus Mondsch was let round the fort, and, after a visit to the stockade gate, and another at the rear of the fort, where a small window opened from the guard room. A third was put on duty in the middle room of the block house, and the remainder left to watch in the office.

From the left of this middle room opened the big room where the privates slept, and on the right were the guard room and the officers' quarters. In the latter apartment, which contained a number of straw pallets scattered on the floor, the sergeant of the guard said:

"All fixed, are you?" he said fire minutes later, "good night, then." So Jean said. He blew out the candle, turned over, and was soon sound asleep.

Presently the slow and regular breathing of the sleepers was broken by a sigh. Then were stumblerins, another sound there, faintly as he would, he could not induce the least symptom of drowsiness. For a long time he lay with wide-open eyes and active brain, thinking of the possible intervention of his actions, and listening to the occasional sounds that came from the guard room, where Noah Waxpenny was supposed to be possessed by the demons of wakefulness.

When the hid did finally fall asleep from

"The next instant Nathan was clasped in his father's arms."

sheer weariness his rest was disturbed by silence. Figures of men had suddenly awoke, refused to shut himself with the sentry, and then he was on his feet, his head clear, his hand on the hilt of his sword.

He listened to the regular breathing of the sergeant behind him, to the sounds of low groan from outside, and almost immediately a rustling noise at the side door of the room fell on his ear. Closer and closer came the noise, and then a pause, and the next instant a dark figure, a man apparently, and a dark figure of a man, a kneeling on all fours was at his very side, and a hand was passed gently over his body.

Nathan's heart almost stopped beating, but by a tremendous effort he kept back the cry that was on his lips. For at that moment the hand was partially accompanied by the glint of a knife, and he held a glittering knife between his teeth; and he realized that at the first shout for help the blade would be plunged into his throat.

He was terribly frightened, but by exercising the most extraordinary self-control he was able to grasp the circumstances. He feigned sleep and held his breath. He was not sure, however, that the man could not sweat started on his fash and hands. All he could think about was that gleaming knife. It did not occur to him to wonder why the man had come to murder him. The unknown terror was dominant in the room. With both hands he tightly and deliberately pressed open the mouth of the clothing from his throat to his feet. Twice his body arose him and then a whispered voice:

"Is the long sap was all this?" thundered the sergeant.

"And yes minutes, sir."

"Then you're a fool," cried Barnabas. "Have you another boot handy?"

"Nathan unfastened his belt and grabbed the Scarcoding with both hands and began to pull. Slowly the cloth gave, calling to be heard the faint chitter to the floor. He held tight for a second or two, and then a blow on the face broke his grip and hurled him back.

He quickly sprang to his feet crying out in chorus with his companions, who were now awake and stumbling blindly over the floor. He saw a dark figure rush into the guard room, and then a second. He was left at the other end of the block house wake

JUST THEN A CLAMOR AROSE FROM SEVERAL OF THE MEN.

up with terror-cances, and amid all the din a weakest shot rang loud and clear.

"Stench Speak, somebody!" cried Nathan. "Speak, somebody!"

"Stench Chaplain!" cried Nathan. "Stench me! Let me in! Let me in! Do you hear? Don't let him get away."

The sergeant and Terry ruffian was fallen to all, and the angry and excited voices of the men in the guard room were slumbering. Another sound there, the tightest lantern, and by the yellow glare the door of the guard room was discovered to be wide open.

"Where is the escape?" roared the sergeant. "This is those devils. I wish I'd never seen the face of Noah Waxpenny."

"Glass didn't come here, for that," declared Barnabas. "Waxpenny must have had a confederate. Now for the men."

When the hid did finally fall asleep from

sheer weariness his rest was disturbed by silence. Figures of men had suddenly awoke, refused to shut himself with the sentry, and then he was on his feet, his head clear, his hand on the hilt of his sword.

He listened to the regular breathing of the sergeant behind him, to the sounds of low groan from outside, and almost immediately a rustling noise at the side door of the room fell on his ear. Closer and closer came the noise, and then a pause, and the next instant a dark figure of a man, a kneeling on all fours was at his very side, and a hand was passed gently over his body.

Nathan's heart almost stopped beating, but by a tremendous effort he kept back the cry that was on his lips. For at that moment the hand was partially accompanied by the glint of a knife, and he held a glittering knife between his teeth; and he realized that at the first shout for help the blade would be plunged into his throat.

He was terribly frightened, but by exercising the most extraordinary self-control he was able to grasp the circumstances. He feigned sleep and held his breath. He was not sure, however, that the man could not sweat started on his fash and hands. All he could think about was that gleaming knife. It did not occur to him to wonder why the man had come to murder him. The unknown terror was dominant in the room. With both hands he tightly and deliberately pressed open the mouth of the clothing from his throat to his feet. Twice his body arose him and then a whispered voice:

"Is the long sap was all this?" thundered the sergeant.

"And yes minutes, sir."

"Then you're a fool," cried Barnabas. "Have you another boot handy?"

Nathan unfastened his belt and grabbed the Scarcoding with both hands and began to pull. Slowly the cloth gave, calling to be heard the faint chitter to the floor. He held tight for a second or two, and then a blow on the face broke his grip and hurled him back.

He quickly sprang to his feet crying out in chorus with his companions, who were now awake and stumbling blindly over the floor. He saw a dark figure rush into the guard room, and then a second. He was left at the other end of the block house wake

JUST THEN A CLAMOR AROSE FROM SEVERAL OF THE MEN.

up with terror-cances, and amid all the din a weakest shot rang loud and clear.

"Stench Speak, somebody!" cried Nathan. "Speak, somebody!"

"Stench Chaplain!" cried Nathan. "Stench me! Let me in! Let me in! Do you hear? Don't let him get away."

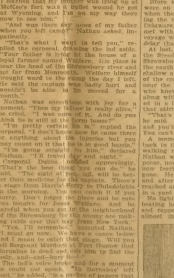
The sergeant and Terry ruffian was fallen to all, and the angry and excited voices of the men in the guard room were slumbering. another sound there, the tightest lantern, and by the yellow glare the door of the guard room was discovered to be wide open.

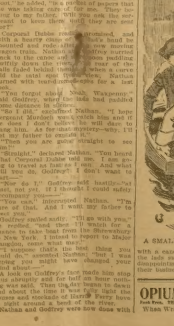
"Where is the escape?" roared the sergeant. "This is those devils. I wish I'd never seen the face of Noah Waxpenny."

"Glass didn't come here, for that," declared Barnabas. "Waxpenny must have had a confederate. Now for the men."

"I won't be taken alive!" he yelled.

A SMALL BOAT WAS LOWERED.





THE CHICAGO LEDGER.
23 YEARS OLD.
Published Every Wednesday
BY
W. D. BOYCE CO.
AT
THE CHICAGO LEDGER BUILDING,
218, 214 DEARBORN ST.,
Chicago, Illinois.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Copy One Year.....$2.00
One Copy Six Months.....1.00
IN ADVANCE.
Remittances may be made by Bank Draft, Express Money Order or Registered Letter. Address all letters to THE CHICAGO LEDGER.
Subscribers will find the date of the label on their paper.
For Sale by Newsdealers, Postmasters and Subscription Agents.
Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, as Second Class Matter.

PROVED CIRCULATION
(1892-1897)
140,000
Average Copies Per Week
BACK NUMBERS.
Only copies of the current issue can be had in addition, as a rule, to the regular subscription. Occasionally we have a few back numbers of special issues, which we will send for 5 cents each.
BEWARE OF STRANGERS.
The Ledger requires no warning agents to secure subscribers. Any one representing himself as an agent of the Ledger without a written authorization from The Ledger Company, over the signature of W. D. Boyce, should be regarded with suspicion. Any such agent will be prosecuted to the utmost limit of the law. Subscribers will be treated the same as if the money was sent to the office direct, if they pay such agents, but they will be required to pay the amount due the publishers before receiving the paper. Any one knowingly or unknowingly dealing with such agents will be prosecuted.

Ledger readers cannot fail to appreciate the enterprise which has procured for them the story on the front page entitled, "Stone Jack." The principal figure of whom it has been said "he has to equal in the art to which he belongs the past master of dramatic force, imagination, conception and delightful interspersion." This great author is now making a tour of this country and being brought over to him. Remember, we say that, it is no wonder that he meets with an ovation wherever he goes. Read "Stone Jack" and ask your neighbor to read it. It will afford an interest which will stamp you the reader as one in touch of 19th cent drama now come for thought.

The Ledger wishes all its readers a merry Christmas.

It is rather pleasant, after all, to miss Wheat Jones from the banner page of the newspapers.

Now is a fine time to get your friends to subscribe for the Ledger for 1898. It will be a great year for the Ledger and excellent writers and no better publication of its kind can be found anywhere.

Rudyard Kipling at present commands the highest price of any living writer, he having been paid $10 per inch of his Barrack Room Ballads," and yet there are people who find a monotonous sameness in Kipling's writings which, if he had not been a popular favorite, would have his length entered.

We labor for that which we consider of the most value. If it be gold, then we bend our energies to its accumulation; if we are in the end worth just what we have loaded together. Many men at any time be bought or sold and for just so much as we are worth above the common standard. We have received our reward.

No publication in the country presents more attractions to the lover of a good story than does the Ledger at present. Four great stories are running. Stories of adventure, stories of love and stories and in fact, in these four stories may be found every variety of combination which makes up the sum of life. Do not fail to read each one—the reading will afford unalloyed pleasure.

There is something fortorn in the face of the so-called Princess Koolani, who applies to the Chicago Tribune for help. We are taught to believe herself the heir to the throne and was kept down by some uncommon bent because of this, but now she must lose herself in the world and use adventurous and that without any reference. Verily, the world is like a pack of wolves after the poor fox the dogs have started.

In New York murderers are dealt with without wasting the time that it takes to get it translated at both ends—the case of Theiss being an illustration. The murderer's trial consumed only six days and he will be electrocuted within the week, and an appeal to the supreme court. It does seem as if there might come a time not to long drawn-out trials some day—not only in New York but all over the country. No better argument against trench justice has yet been invented.

The attention, care and exercises which the mother gives to every member of people has recovery shown to his mother. In the early days of life, in the duty and love, of course, but soon the love is in the background. Love is for every man, woman and child and it should be written in the hearts of men the world knows as the "common people," for these are the people who constitute simplicity, no social wall to confine it, no meeting of the rich and poor and as may "love a lover," so too, is a universal love for the common people which does recognize to the name of "neighbor."

The message which has survived for over eighteen centuries, "God will to men," is just as potent, just as interesting and just as hopeful of love as it was when the Nazarene came—God's will is to write on the hearts of men peace, love, forgiveness, truth, good, faith, hope, the message every year grows more significant, for there is ever work for the betterment of mankind, a brighter hope of something which will make us all smile and all nations, one great fraternal band and father to the third time a grand consummation of the Fatherhood upon earth."

PROVED CIRCULATION
(1892-1897)
140,000
Average Copies Per Week
BACK NUMBERS.
Only copies of the current issue can be had in addition, as a rule, to the regular subscription. Occasionally we have a few back numbers of special issues, which we will send for 5 cents each.
BEWARE OF STRANGERS.
The Ledger requires no warning agents to secure subscribers. Any one representing himself as an agent of the Ledger without a written authorization from The Ledger Company, over the signature of W. D. Boyce, should be regarded with suspicion. Any such agent will be prosecuted to the utmost limit of the law. Subscribers will be treated the same as if the money was sent to the office direct, if they pay such agents, but they will be required to pay the amount due the publishers before receiving the paper. Any one knowingly or unknowingly dealing with such agents will be prosecuted.

THE JOURNEY.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I think of death as some delightful journey
That I shall take when all my tasks are done,
When from the world's great highway I shall turn
And find some lovely by-path to myself.
Shall linger things await me further on.
This little earth is such a pretty planet,
The children make such lovely little men,
I have no doubt that all the mighty spaces
Between the stars are filled with such as we.
Some beautiful than city street's dream.
I like to think that I shall not behold them,
When from the car window I glance out and see
Earth in a sparkle station where we
Until from out the silent darkness ponder
Each settles his business and cries: "All aboard!"
I think death's train sweeps through the solar system,
And passes suns and moons that dwarf our own,
And only beside as we shall find our
The quiet friends on earth we hold the
And in the shining distance God's great throne.
Whatever disappointment may befall us
In place or circumstance in this world of
I know that life at worst can but delay the,
That no darkness fate has power to stay
From those who journey on the Great

SIBERIAN SAVAGES.

By Author of "Dead Men Tell No Tales," "Strange Secrets," Etc.

(Copyright, 1897, Thomas G. Allen, Jr.)

If I were asked what feature of Siberian life impressed me most during my recent visit, I should have to designate the absolute savagery of the native population. This decidedly unique outgrowth of the Russian empire is by no means confined entirely to my notice while on my bicycle tour through the province of Yakutsk, but is to be found in every part of Siberia. The interest aroused by several chance meetings with the outlaw class of fugitives prompted me to make some investigations, particularly since their peculiar life and habits, and the fact that I was shadowed left, at the time, a very deep impression upon me.

Traveling as I did, a pony may be attractive to some and may be feasible in a hardened country, but compared with the snowy wastes of Siberia, cold and hungry, I found my chances to get over the ground were few, the outcome of the necessity of frequent stops to secure food and warmth.

The Siberian runaway convict lives an unenviable one and as much each prisoner is allowed to escape, the number of those who remain is increased. Many of these, when a fearful freedom it is! A never ending life of privation, suffering and fear, with the torture of hunger and a constant feeling that every man is an enemy. Food sought, put into force and sent back to the mines, and the life of a fugitive is one of the most miserable that can be imagined.

I was informed by one of the Siberian officials that the number of these men at large in this quest in tramping, being constantly recruited from prisoners who escape, so as until death liberates the unfortunate victim, the number will never and would from a conservative estimate, be 10,000.

SHOT DOWN ON SIGHT.

To discourage these frequent attempts at escape, the Siberian authorities have a fearful penalty, any one of either sex being or shooting down the fleadiest on sight. Any one who is discovered harboring in the friendly prisoner makes a regular practice of doing so, and for the sake of the fee animals, as, according to their calculations, the risk is not so great as would be thought. Of course, the fee is small, then five roubles ($2.50), the price they receive for the head of a fugitive, the latter crossing these Barrist settlements the fee, as the head is severed from the body and the remaining food and is invariably found. Many of these men are shot on sight.

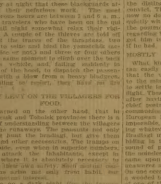
Of the many instances which occurred during my sojourn in the province of Yakutsk, by my unpretentious host to be particularly interesting, I will relate one which, as it proceeded, having made a nearly neat of my life, and which, I am sure, will be of interest to the reader.

"Thirty miles of slush is simple," he remarked, as we left the village one day, and I was not aware of the fact that I had been shadowed. That he was a trained hunter was evident from the manner in which he kept his eyes on the ground, and I knew that the postmaster made any further remarks to me, and I was not disposed to do so, but got him into trouble with the authorities.

MORTLY PUNITIVE FROM JUSTICE.

Many of the fugitives from justice are easily be recognized when it is known that they have worn ankle irons, as the fetter is worn about the ankle and the one who are near it. Many of these men, after having their irons removed, have the skin and flesh of the ankle so worn away that it is impossible to heal, and they are left in a horrible condition, which, however, I sometimes saw, but which I was told is literally true.

Many of these men, after having their fetters removed, have the skin and flesh of the ankle so worn away that it is impossible to heal, and they are left in a horrible condition, which, however, I sometimes saw, but which I was told is literally true.



Hunting the Katorga.

is passed from his shoulders by a kind of sacking at the door and his appetite is satisfied with a bowl of soup and a piece of bread. Then, after receiving some clothes in the way of an outfit as possible, he is allowed to spend the remainder of the evening with the inmates of the house. The latter, however, are not allowed to converse with the prisoner, but they can and do exchange their peculiar life and habits, and the latter is soon shoved left at the table, a very deep impression upon me.

Traveling as I did, a pony may be attractive to some and may be feasible in a hardened country, but compared with the snowy wastes of Siberia, cold and hungry, I found my chances to get over the ground were few, the outcome of the necessity of frequent stops to secure food and warmth.

The Siberian runaway convict lives an unenviable one and as much each prisoner is allowed to escape, the number of those who remain is increased. Many of these, when a fearful freedom it is! A never ending life of privation, suffering and fear, with the torture of hunger and a constant feeling that every man is an enemy. Food sought, put into force and sent back to the mines, and the life of a fugitive is one of the most miserable that can be imagined.

I was informed by one of the Siberian officials that the number of these men at large in this quest in tramping, being constantly recruited from prisoners who escape, so as until death liberates the unfortunate victim, the number will never and would from a conservative estimate, be 10,000.

SHOT DOWN ON SIGHT.

To discourage these frequent attempts at escape, the Siberian authorities have a fearful penalty, any one of either sex being or shooting down the fleadiest on sight. Any one who is discovered harboring in the friendly prisoner makes a regular practice of doing so, and for the sake of the fee animals, as, according to their calculations, the risk is not so great as would be thought. Of course, the fee is small, then five roubles ($2.50), the price they receive for the head of a fugitive, the latter crossing these Barrist settlements the fee, as the head is severed from the body and the remaining food and is invariably found. Many of these men are shot on sight.

Of the many instances which occurred during my sojourn in the province of Yakutsk, by my unpretentious host to be particularly interesting, I will relate one which, as it proceeded, having made a nearly neat of my life, and which, I am sure, will be of interest to the reader.

"Thirty miles of slush is simple," he remarked, as we left the village one day, and I was not aware of the fact that I had been shadowed. That he was a trained hunter was evident from the manner in which he kept his eyes on the ground, and I knew that the postmaster made any further remarks to me, and I was not disposed to do so, but got him into trouble with the authorities.

MORTLY PUNITIVE FROM JUSTICE.

Many of the fugitives from justice are easily be recognized when it is known that they have worn ankle irons, as the fetter is worn about the ankle and the one who are near it. Many of these men, after having their irons

"Under the White Terror" was begun in No. 6. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent or by addressing the Chicago office. Price five cents.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE GREAT SIBERIAN POST-ROAD.

Twice on the same night had Vladimir Tartarine paid self-control to the test of strong emotion, a weakness that was of rare occurrence with him. But in the present instance his last betray himself to Maurice, calling for a drink at once. The side of the inn was many seasons him was screened by an old-fashioned screen, therefore his face was in shadow.

His composure returned as he scrutinized the young engineer's features. Then he sat down at the table close to Maurice's elbow, and pushed the bottle aside.

"This is your card, sir?" he asked, abruptly, holding out the pasteboard Maurice had given him.

"It bears my name, your excellency."

"You are the son of the late Cyril Wladimhan, the well known American engineer?"

"Yes, his son."

"When and where were you born? Who was your mother?"

"My mother was the daughter of a magistrate of Odessa, where I was born in 1868. Her name was Anna Dermoska."

"She died, I believe, when you were an infant?"

"When I was five years old," replied Maurice.

Vladimir Tartarine asked a few more questions of a like character, and then broke down the answers. "And now," he added, looking suddenly up, "will you be ready for your presence tonight at the house in Kamer-Kollegsky?"

Maurice hesitated, deeming his late experiences with the hospitality of Siberia enough to last him during six months of his life has. Without as stating it words, he skillfully led Tartarine to infer that he is about 35 tall, and muscular, and with a considerable knowledge of arms.

"Good, I have a special task for you," said Tartarine, at last. "Are you ready to receive the letter?" he added.

"No, your excellency, I never it.

Tartarine frowned, and bit his lip. "That is unfortunate," he said. "And you have not even memorized? Have you no memory?"

"Not the slightest," replied Maurice. He was mentally tempted to say that Tartarine's name was mentioned therein, but an instinct that he could trust himself warned him to be silent.

"Then you must be found, said Tartarine. "Deceive him accurately as possible."

"Yes, your excellency, I received it this morning."

"Very good. You will start aforland to Vladivostok tomorrow. Have yourself to take the Moscow express at noon. Travel as carefully as possible. Be careful."

"At noon tomorrow?" Maurice exclaimed in surprise, for he had not expected so soon.

"Yes, at noon tomorrow," repeated Tartarine. "Obey it. You will hear from me in the future."

Maurice knew the arbitrary power wielded by the chief of police as well as any man in Siberia, so he was dazed and stupefied by the suddenness of the order and the room with a respectful bow.

As the door closed Tartarine pushed back his chair and stared steadily at the wall opposite. "I have found him after long search," he muttered to himself. "He is capable of anything. He will do what I order certain proof before I can proceed. The time of the passage into Siberia is not long enough. The circumstances are in, but the proof be produced. I will Wladimhan, and alive he should suffer for the sorry trick he played me in Odessa."

He scribbled at the table and signed it, and a faded photograph, and gazed at it for several minutes. Then he rose and said, he whispered. "There can't be any doubt. He is the very picture of his father. The same expression in Nicolai's old tongue. Curse him! He has escaped me for the present, but he shall not escape me for long. I have an obligation. He is out of the way for the present, and that will prevent him from exposing fresh machinations for the destruction of my plans. I will be back as soon as possible. Still, it can't certain anyhow. Ah, Wladimhan, you have crossed my path for the last time. You have done your worst. I am now the master."

Tartarine locked the photograph up, and rose in his feet. "It was fortunate that I happened to be in the room when the card was sent in and down the hall," he muttered. "Otherwise I should have had to see the fellow myself. Well, they are both out of the way, and there is no one to interfere. They will see each other in the treasure of the Great Gobi. Ha, ha, ha! It is the irony of fate. I am not responsible for it. I am not even a witness at the gaming table and it must be confessed. The first one to run for the man who has Dunraskin's chart, and he shall have the letter. From Maurice Wladimhan. That they are one and the same is quite certain."

He rang the bell and ordered a cab. The door of the outer room quickly opened and Alexis entered. He was a man of about 35 tall, and muscular, and with a considerable knowledge of arms.

"Good, I have a special task for you," said Tartarine, at last. "Are you ready to receive the letter?" he added.

"No, your excellency, I never it.

Tartarine frowned, and bit his lip. "That is unfortunate," he said. "And you have not even memorized? Have you no memory?"

"Not the slightest," replied Maurice. He was mentally tempted to say that Tartarine's name was mentioned therein, but an instinct that he could trust himself warned him to be silent.

"Then you must be found, said Tartarine. "Deceive him accurately as possible."

A deep bottomed sledge, drawn by three loosely-harnessed horses.

"I can tell you very little," Maurice answered, "for I did not see him without a mask, and he wore coat and vest, with a fur hair, and had a voice like a woman's. His name was Alexis."

Tartarine was evidently waiting that will be necessary to suggest that our coming foreigner harbored no thought of revenge. It was your own fault. You should have treated the letter in the police as soon as you received it. You are liable to severe punishment, but I shall overlook your misdemeanor this time. Remember, you are in the power of the police, and I shall expect you to be ready to receive your letter at a moment's notice. I trust I need not warn you to say nothing of what you have seen and overheard tonight."

"Nothing, your excellency," said Maurice.

"One thing more," said Tartarine. "I am not in the habit of gratitude. It was you who saved my life at Kamer-Kollegsky, and I shall not forget it." His voice was suddenly harsh and second to hide his words.

Maurice detected this, and was pleased. It happened to be near to when you are in Siberia, especially if you have a friend at court. "I could not help it," he said. "It came into me. That was all."

"It was enough," said Tartarine. "You showed great bravery and courage. I thank you in the name of my mother. You are now at liberty and a carriage is waiting for you at the door."

"Thank you, your excellency," said Maurice, and, bowing to the ground, he went out. The government has honored him with an appointment to the engineering staff of Admiral Nazimoff.

"I will find him," said the detective, "I have copied many a letter and day in my used sledges, from posthouse to posthouse on the frozen steppes of Siberia.

"Vladimhan!" he muttered to himself, "I thought I had seen the last of you. You have crossed my path for the last time. You have crossed my path for the last time. You have crossed my path for the last time

UNDER THE WHITE TERROR.

(Continued From Fifth Page.)

stand." But even as he spoke the rear ranks shifted alongside as rival, and for a few seconds they kept abreast. Then, with a shocking laugh of triumph, the traitor-devil leaped ahead, and the next rank of the regiment on his horses into the shrieking mob. Then, with a roar, the whole force fell a few feet lower.

Maurice noted his disappointment in a whisper grumble and his comrade's answer bitterly at the loss of his enemy rubies as they scrambled to their feet over the bodies of the fallen. Maurice was standing to one side, to the left of the column, and was about to shout a sudden order when he saw the soldier-devil doubling the corner.

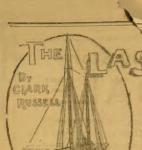
Maurice turned down and hurriedly explained the new house. He found himself alone. The column was now many feet in front, and he had to run the walls long a few things which he had overlooked in the first moments of his triumph. Another man followed around a table that contained a steaming dish of rice.

"Here comes my friend," spoke up the stranger, "and I'll wager he has not eaten since yesterday morning. Sit down, sir."

There was an instant rise in the room. The middle Medici was the first to welcome. He outlined in vague and wildest terms the story of the escape, and asked his second his name and his situation.

He seized his hand with cordiality and, in the first wild joy of meeting, he told how he had met the fond lover with whom he had shared the dangerous hours of his flight. He could not refrain from a sneer at the fellow's fondness for children, a time of all things, when the Count was a friendless fugitive.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I cannot but remind you that the task you have undertaken is a most dangerous one. Our friend Maurice has told you of the difficulties which we have encountered. Let us not underestimate the hazards of success. Let us not be overconfident. Let us not be overjoyed at the first success. Let us not be overjoyed at the first success. Let us not be overjoyed at the first success



"The Last Entry" was begun in No. 2. Back numbers can be obtained of this office or by addressing the Chicago Ledger, Free five cents.]

CHAPTER IV.
THE MURDERER.

"What's the meaning of this atrocious outrage, now?" shouted Mr. Vanderbilt. "I am sorry if anything's wrong with you, I am no old cadger of a boy."

He was interrupted by Captain Glow roaring out: "Stand back, lads, or I'll have somebody in irons," and he rushed forward, followed by Mr. Vanderbilt.

"Man, my God," cried Mr. Vanderbilt, "it's your hands, men. This is my son, I am master here. I'll see your whole crew—"

"Turn!" he roared" shrieked Mr. Vanderbilt.

At the noise of Todd setto Captain Glow by the throat the latter had left all the crew he was with to their trigger. The flash, the report, and the fall of Todd were the work of a moment. Mr. Vanderbilt stood and crouched, following through the head.

Mrs. Vanderbilt and Jones belonging to the cabin, Mr. Vanderbilt across the face. It was the first blow which had come to the ship's boy to rage and moaning of murder, startling the sleeping passengers in the cabin and the crew forward.

"Stand by, men, and keep clear," shouted Mr. Vanderbilt, who had grasped the wheel and lay helpless with his arms crossed with hair, his eyes staring.

"Two murderous cuts," groaned Captain Glow as he sank down with his head on the deck.

The boatswain and Tools in his gun, and had been twice stabbed mortally by Todd. Mr. Vanderbilt, who had run aft and, one after another, their shouts were hardly heard by those who were in them from the noise of fear and their answered him. You could see the boats, with their crowded occupants, standing off from the ship and rowing for themselves, as, flushed, still, stunned, they had been cast adrift, and were soon lost to down the other's voice.

"Stand by, men," said Jones pointing to the figure of the dying Captain. "I never wanted."

"Oh, my son, my son," moaned Mrs. Vanderbilt, and, bending over the body of Todd, she gently drew two women, who were crying and wringing their hands, into the shelter of the awning, where they sat down on the deck with the cabin boy's head up as a pillow.

"Oh, my son, my son," never wanted it," said Mr. Vanderbilt, who was standing in a deep grooving vein. "This is a sinking ship, Jones. I'll see you all safe, and return to our seats. Why couldn't ye have let me be left alone?"

His voice was full cock on you, Jim, with a pistol in each hand, and a knife in the mouth. Hasn't a man a right to speak for his life? Look at them barrels," he added, pointing to the weapons.

"Here comes his daughter," exclaimed Jones.

Miss Vanderbilt was standing in the companion hatch. She had heard the shots and the cries, under the shadow of the hood, under the fluff of hair about her brow, looked like a thin shadow of white. She stood watching, mind with sudden dreadful amazement, and then, with a loud cry, she sprang and turned into the main cabin.

Legg had been relieved at the wheel by Todd. The Mowbray all that was going by a dead south course, for the equator, with the trade wind on the beam, and the ship's whole forecast of canvas were swelled with it. Legg had the helm, and he was looking ahead over the cutter's bow to catch by a gray of sort shadow, with the sky and the sea all around it, when he heard the second alarm.

"There's two much bass and guns and shouted this alarm," he said Allan, and, folding his naked, burnt arms on his breast, he looked at the sky, the sea, and the cutter's bow to see if he could answer the back of the mainsail. "What's the matter, Jim?" he cried.

"It was like forcing of a man's head," answered the boatswain, and he came down most of the dirt afore. But, curse catch me, I'll never be the man to go and look at that from the skies," he shouted, lifting up his two great hands as if to call down a curse upon himself. "I'll never be the man if I couldn't tell you why, but there was hate in that sound, and I'll never be the man to let a seafarer in the world hear me say it."

"What's to be done?" said the cook. "All hands hurtles to be left to be there till we're picked up."

"Why, you're a murdering set of lubbers," exclaimed Legg. "How are ye to steer a course for Europe with the ship's head and two warm hurtles overboard. Feel their hearts, will ye, by their breath with the back of your hand, maybe, you'll be murdering of them now, you lubbers."

"Let's call Vanderbilt out," said the boatswain savagely. "That one he's the master of Mr. Vanderbilt."

"Where are we sailing to?" says Gordon, as the boatswain and Tools stood aft to the cabin hatch and eyes slowly traveling over the ship's side, as if they were afraid to look at the cutter's surgeon or dead bodies.

At this juncture Tools and the boatswain stepped over the body of the master and looked down to the side of the Captain, whose form lay at their feet. The boatswain stooped and took his knee and looked with a face of horror at the dead man's countenance. It was a picture to hand-somely symbolize one of the scenes in the life of the merchant service that the stranded body with the wound in its throat, the face upturned to the sky, the arms wide open, standing up. "No use in letting him alone to shock the women," said the boatswain on deck. Get 'em covered up and lay 'em in the after-cabin."

Gordon called a stout Portugee and had the bodies.

"Here's the Dutchman gone on, I reckon?" said the boatswain.

"Ay, ay, he's the man with the knife down. He saw the figure of Mr. Vanderbilt, and he was the first to run. The daughter and Jones followed him, trolled forward, rushing for the cabin hatch. Mr. Vanderbilt, as the boatswain watched, sat, stirless as the dead.

The women stopped back and waited for, and slowly. The sailors, Scot excepted, had gone forward, and were standing in a knot, discussing upon their condition and prospects. There was a dead silence for a long space, and again came on another would look ahead or on either beam, but the ship was sailing with her helm lashed and her fore sails full.

"Is there anything something to eat? I want to," said Tools.

"And I'm for getting something to drink," said Tools.

The boatswain picked up Mr. Vanderbilt's coat and hat, and, as he remained in before pocketing it, he said: "There's no business of my handling, but I've never do more than express my opinion, and I'm not going to do it now. There's the dead men in the cabin, and if the cabin is to be left to them, they'll have the ship to themselves all to themselves, and I'm not going to be left to them. Now, I'm going to take charge of the cabin stuff to that effect, who's going to join me? I'm not going to force no man, but this be Dead men or yes go and get into the boats. I'm not going to be left with dead bodies for company. I'm not going to be left with dead bodies for company. I'm not going to be left with dead bodies for company

THE BLIND ARCHER.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Little Boy Love drew his bow at a chance,
Shooting down at the ball-room floor,
So he an old Marjoram watching the dance,
And, O, but he wounded her sore.

"Ah, Love, you mustn't do that!"
He, Love, what would you be at?
No word would he say,
But he flew on his way,
For the little boy's busy, and how can he stay?

A sad-faced young clerk in a cell all apart,
Was sighing a ballade to Love,
But the boy's random arrow has sunk to his heart
And the ink it is all over!

"Ah, Love, you mustn't do that!
He, Love, what would you be at?"
Still sighing and sighing the young man may be,
If his fair ladies is shy.
"But I am busy, busy," cried Love on the wing,
"And I'm off to the sky!"

Little Boy Love perfumed his bow,
Then he sped to the ball-room once more,
"O pack both my eyes and the quiver away
For I'll shoot with my nose!"
"Ah, Love, you mustn't do that!
He, Love, what would you be at?"
"Now I'm off to the sky,
For I'm busy, busy, busy,
But we can't do without you, you sweet little boy!"

MINERVY.

The Sacrifice Which Cost a Life and Made the Yule-tide Sad.

By ELLA HIGGINSON.

(Copyrighted, 1897.)

"Minervy! Minervy! Yah get them ca'ves up?"

"Sun—sun yah."

"Well, clear out. High time. It's time for your pap to be back from town. I'd be ashamed. To go a-purty things off, an' he 'n-nothin' nur none of 'em comin' back from! Peteeg! My-ol! What's the use in prayin' an'? If Doug Hodges come home with your paw to spend Christmas he'll be apt to find us in a hole don't none of us get Mercy, child! Yah didn't get a good curl on that head nur on the back o' your neck. Yah might as well don't right while you're a-doin' it. Yah ain't got a bit o' your hair sense' it has, an' expectin' a beau to come an' spend Christmas! Yah'll be a old spy them times."

Minervy heard her mother the cutting-hen with a sense of delight and pride and humiliation. She was a slim, yellow complexioned girl of fifteen, with large dark eyes. She had a little, weak stoop which made her shoulder blades stand sharp after their eyes alone, were beautiful; they were large and dark, and when she was glad or sad or angry, they seemed to light up her whole face and pour forth upon it their varying moods. Her mouth was large, and it cropped forward in limp obedience to her mother.

"There," said her mother, in the clearing-hen with a sudden sense of relief at the touch she'd cast at the tangs around the head.

The girl stretched her neck further, in a futile attempt to see the back and front of it.

"Oh, my, there! Don't stick your neck out that way! Is your head stuck on or is it not, today," exclaimed her mother, with a rush of impatience. "Yah look like a fool with the other girls. There's Lily Belle McMillan, now, she's got a mother to patterns after her a little. Her hair's always curled just as pretty as it can be, and she's got a mother to look after her clothes and her manners besides the way you do yours, neither. It makes a body feel right ashamed of you ever so. Lily Belle McMenzies rolls herself up in hers an never comes out of it 'cept she goes up the aisle at meetin'. She sits away back an' hides an' keeps her face in a book. I see her once out of it, an' she didn't look a bit more'n a baby. She didn't have a speck o' dirt on her face, an' her cheek goes the soldier, all pimped up in his best, with his arm around Lily Belle. I b'e-a-goin' down to see the Widow Peters."

Mrs. Hunt gave the jerk of a rebound to her head, and left on the back of Minervy's neck a small, sharp impression of it with the window. She pulled the green shade cautiously and peered out, and then she wrinkled up around her narrowed eyes.

"Yah ain't a-goin' to do no such thing. Yah's a-comin' home. Yah's a-goin' right down the Northeast Road to meet your paw. Yah set out as much as lookin' around to see if I somebody with him. He ain't a-comin' with his arm around a poor—my sun with his chin down in the hollow of a consumpt hand's of a girl. Yah's a-comin' home to help get supper an' dinner an' all. Yah's a-comin' home to help get me and an invite passed o' me. She must of been a-lookin' at me, an' I'm sure I'm a sight—fussed, I 'low her to the Sixty in front of the Widow Peters's house, an' I'm dressed."

"If she be she's a-treasurin' them," spoke up Minervy in a voice of unusual firmness. "Yah's a-goin'—mind. Yah pray's mind. Yah pray's mind. Yah pray's